# THE SLUMS OF WASHINGTON

People of Different Nationalities Who Live and Thrive Amid Dirt and Squalor.

after bit being added, as the dump furnished the material, until it now has several rooms. Froken chairs, basebuil bate, the cans and stocks and posts, with brickbats and stones for the foundation, are the principal things in the construction.

Another old black "Auntie" see sewing on the little front porch that overlooked the dump and the people at work on it, and a little colored girl, her grandfaild, was playing in the yard. A troop of chickens clucked and cackled around the yard, and confined in a small box was a hen with a broad of little chicks. There was an air of comparative affluence around

# THEY ARE CONTENTED WITH THEIR FORTUNE

Men and Women Desire Nothing More Than to Eke Out a Mere Existence.

### THEIR MANNER OF HABITATION MYSTERIOUS

GOSSIP OF THE NEIGHBORS.

The man knew very little of the neighborhood, but Mary had evidently lived there for a longer period, and was possessed of information concerning the doings of all the residents of the row. She told how many families lived in the place, their ages, color and occuration, and other things of

which women of her class delight to

A walk around the row gave a more inter-esting view of the houses from the front than from the back. Most of them had rough front fences, of patchwork, wire stakes and

pieces of tin, and the fronts of all of then

were patched with tin

were patched with tin.

There were no signs of life around the first one, and, as a knock on the door tailed to elicit any response, the latebstring was untied. The door swing back and half a dozen little kittens, who, with the maternal cat, were the outyliving times in the room, tumbled ever each other to get out of reach of its swing. The old cat was carled up complacently on the bed, more broken down and dilapidated than the other

be intrusion, and jumped down and went ver to her kittens.

black with smoke and dirt. Besides the dirty, rickety old bed, a stove stood near a small table at one side of the room, and an improvised china cupboard, filled with

cracked and broken cups and saucers, old

had been torn away, probably in some Foggy Bottom entertainment, and throng

the hole in the floor that formerly server is a stair entrance could be seen the gen

rally form-down appearance of the place. The exterior of the next house was ex-

push, and a smaller padlock, securely locked, held the front gate shut. Tied

outo the fence with strings was an old rusty tin pan, and over it hing a little sign on which was scrawled.

WILLIAM BROWN'S LETTER BOX.

Berry's row.

This is the letter-box of William Brown

Past five of the houses and down at the

ther end stood one with more appearance of comfort than the others possessed.

An old negro woman, fully sixty years of

age, was smoking a pipe, and tumbling som

clothes about in a tub. She paused a moment in her smoking and her work and looked up as Mr. Lewis asked: "Auntie, who lives in that end house?" "Who libs in dat end house?"

DUMP FURNISHED MATERIAL.

The house is surrounded on all sides by

dump fires, their thin columns of smoke curling heavenward. Between "Berry's Row" and the damp there is one house,

W'y, Miss English libs dar."

and the plasteriess walls and ceili

room was about ten feet sounce.

color and occupation, and other thin

Of this beautiful city? They are easy to find, and well worth the time and trouble a visit to them will cost. Right at the thresholds of some of the city's magnificant residences they can be found, and the under half of life that imbablist them present the most interesting phases of humanity. Luxury and poverty, squalor and grandeur, are close neighbors. Within a stone's throw of beautifully paved and stone's throw of beautifully paved and stone's throw of beautifully paved and portant one, and Mary got up. Her degrander, are cose neighbors, which a stone's throw of beautifully paved and shady streets, fined by rows of handsome houses, can be found the wretched, thatch-ed shandies of the miserable many, dirty, ragge land unkempt children playing around the doors, and the lazy, nuwerthy parent iching around in the sun or shade, accord-ing to the lemperature.

ing to the temperature.

Washington's slum districts are scattered, and are surrounded by the best neighborhoods. You emerge from broad, wellpaved streets into dusty, dirty roads, the



comfortable houses of the one giving way to the patched-up frame shacks of the other. In all sections of the chy can be found such places, and wherever they are the percentage of crune is ever on the

Mr. Herbert W. Lewis, the agent of the board of children's guardians, has, through liss work of rescuing unfortunate children, become more familiar with the city's sintu life than auyone else. He is an amateur pho lographer, and has made many photograph-ing trips smong them, and secured some ex-cellent illustrations, which be has used at yarious times, to embedish lectures, and for other purposes. In response to a query from a Times reporter as to where these districts lay, he columtered to show way himself, and taking his camera, mapped out a sinu route, and started. VISIT TO "BERRY'S ROW."

Dusty and yellow in the reflected glare of the sammer sun. Twenty-second street leaves the cool and inviting shade of the maples that held the breezes in gentle dalliance on its either side, and stretches away toward the river. As one nears the flats, the little rows of stricks become poorer and less pretentions, finally changing to rough, wooden frame structures, whitewashed and rickety. On past the dog pound there are vacant lots, and some little dis-tance is traversed before other human hab-itations are seen. Then, almost down to the paling fence that separates the reclaimed flats from the city proper, one comes to

Berry's now" for picture-sque squaler



and suggestiveness of nothing but the most abject poverty stands alone most anject poverty stades ague. It is the tumbledown remnants of what were once six frame houses of two rooms each. For twenty-five years these miserable shacks have about there and they have been so patched and mended that hardly any of the original timbers are left. Rarged strips of weatherboarding and sheets of tin have been tacked on here and there, and solid boars; filled most of the places that were once windows. The steps are rained and rickety, and the whole thing has a crazy-quiit, patchwork appearance

No street leads to it in front or behind, and



the visitor can approach it from either way with equal facility. The rear presents very much the same appearance as the front, if anything being a little more dispidated, These bouses were so poor that for a long time no rent was exacted from them, but flow their occupants are required to pay a small rental.

Easing along back of the rows the figure of a white man was seen sitting on the back steps of the middle house. His rusty straw hat showed the discolarations of many a summer shower and his clothing was dirty and tern. On his dirty shirt, that had once been white, he wore a collar, regred and black with the accumulation of grime, and a dirty strip of muslin did service as a the.

Living IN SQUALOR.

LIVING IN SQUALOR.

"Good merting, sir," said Mr. Lewis.
The man suited a weak welcome, and
as he halfly slifted his position on the
steps a glimpse could be obtained of
the sousild interior. A broken-down cooking stove stood in the center of the room and on one side of it was an old four-poster bed, broken and tumbling with age, and on the other a rough deal table, which is an architectural wonder in its

way. It is quite a pretentious affair, bit after bit being added, as the dump furnished

was an air of comparative affluence around the place, however, when "Berry's Row was called to mind.

"How many people live here, Auntle?"
"Dey's only jes' four now," replied
e old woman, with cheerful rendiness. the old woman, with cheering and his two 'Dat's me an' my son-in-law an' his two children. All de res' is dead."

children. All de res' is dead."
Flaming lithographs decorated the walls, of which glimpses could be had through the open door, but the floors and the deal table and wooden chairs were cleaner and less rickery than those in "Berry's Row."
A path leads from the dump-picker shome to the big dump, which was dotted here and there with little groups of girls and boys, men and women, most of them colored, engaged in going carefully over the piles of ref. men and women, most of them colored, engaged in going carefully over the piles of refuse. At one end of the dump half a dozen colored women, with buckets and hods in their hands, were gathered round a huge ash-heap, picking out lumps of coal and cinder. Their black faces were whitened with the dust their scratching occasioned, and their clothes were covered with ashes. PICKING FROM THE DUMP.

A lazy negro boy, evidently one of the party, sat on the bottom of his inverted bucket, a few feet from the pile, and laughed



nd joked while the women did the work. It was a typical dump-picking group. On all parts of the dump were little group of men and women, some looking for metal ome sorting over rags, and some picking up oal and wood. Nearly everything that omes from a dump, with the possible ex-eption of tin cans, has a marketable value

ception of the caus, has a marketable value that makes it worth picking up.

From the dump at the foot of Twentieth street to the tough precincts of South Washington is quite a step. Van street, between Mani N. First and Second streets, southwest, is perhaps the most disreputable street in the city. Its inhabitants toil not, nother do they soin, and their mode of living is a mystery. All day long the men and women can be found sitting in the doorways of the tumbled any street, that and women can be found sitting in the doorways of the tumble-down shacks that serve them as houses or loading around in the sun out in the alley, occasionally varying the monotony of their existence with a fight. The women are tougher, stronger and more disreputable than the men, and drink and fight with as much

There are long rows of the dirty, squalid shacks in Van street that serve as homes for the people there. Absolutely devoid of confort, dirty and fool, with the rain and sun alike sifting through huge rents in ceilings and walls in all kinds of weather, many of them are very little better than

A few squares from Van street is another gittering specimen of slum life of Washington. "Nolan's court." Although not so extensive it is dirtier and mere squalld than Van street. These places are in the neighborhood known as "Blood-field." which has ever since the capital became a city, been the terror of the law-abiling and a source of much work to the notice.

SAVING THE CHILDREN.

Across the recking, foul-smelling James freek Canal, between Half and First streets, M and N streets, is "Pearson's dieg." It is much smaller than either of alley. It is much smaller than either of the other South Washington slum alleys, but is more crowded, and the presence of almost innumerable children of all ages and conditions emphasizes its squaler. It is in such places as "Pearson's alley" that the Board of Children's Guardians



does a great portion of the good work it accomplishes. Children, whose surround-ings are so vicious that they must of necessity become criminal, are taken away by legal process and placed in an atmo-phere conducive to merality.

In these alleys they regard white visit-ors with suspicion and are not communica-tive. They can conceive of no reason why a white man, unless he he an officer of some kind, could want to visit their dirty,



ill-smeiling homes. They have as much dread of a camera, too, as an untutored

One dirty little negro hoy, about sever years old, attired in a shirt and trousers several sizes too large for him, was play-ing marbles in the street, and attracted by his dirty picturesqueness. Mr. Lewis gave him a coin and asked him to stand in the light and have his picture taken. The pickaninny took his position, but his mother rushed out, indignantly ordering bet offspring in the house.

"What yo' mean by takin' dat chile's picture in dem clo'se. You white folks has us colored people leokin' bad enough now. Get in de house, dere."

chimed in another colored mother, who had hastened to the protection of the alley children in general and her own in par-

ticular. an the alley residents were in sympathy with the mother, but the snap-shot camera had been too quiek for them, and although cy were bassfully unconscious of it.

Lightning rods. J. H. Kuebling, 1206

Through National Park with a Woman on the Box Seat.

GEYSER IN FULL ACTION

Sad Mistake of the Practical Man, Who Thought He Had Captured a Young Bear,

Continued From East Sunday.
"Now, don't be bashful. Fall to. Shure n appetite is no disgrace. Beer for you, is it, sor?" inquired Larry of the only duke in the party—by the great American tuft hinter, how did I ever omit mention-ing before this important fact that we have a live duke in our party. "Beer for the duke. We dukes all take beer." His grace got very red in the face, pulled his mustache, and dropped his monocle

as he stared ferrely at Larry,
"Ah, here's the cow," taking a pitcher
of mus from the hands of his assistant,
"Now the hen, if ye plaze. The professor wants an egg." The Russian, who occupied the end sent,

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The Russian, who occupied the end sent, was crowded for room. "Take care, ye'll fall off from the bench, Mr. —, Mr. —, what did ye say yer name was?"
"Frince Shoboloff," with toy politeness.
"Well, don't shovel off the end of the sench, that's all. Have some cake? No?

Out just a add's finger, now. We all know ye like lady's fingers. Ye've no appetite, miss. It's all of thinkin of him, to be sure." And so Larry circulated among his guests, jollying everybody and playing the host in an inimitable manner,

The sun was on its downward course and the shadows had already begun to grow longer when we were finally off. We thought we were at least, but at the last moment the busting mamma from the far, far West, discovered the loss of the far, far West, observered the loss of one of her ugly duckings. No denizen of the barn-yard ever displayed her concern more vociferously, or with greater energy, it put a stop to everything else. Even the Practical Man omitted his cynical comment, and the Professional Beauty for once found berself distanced. As for Hank, he simply dropped his reins in de-

mamma and pious ejaculations on the part of the masculine contingent I resist part of the mascular contingent—I resist the attempt of referring at length to the Recording Angel and his Tear—during was found with the little Italian in the shade of a pine tree, deeply engaged in discussion. Metaphysics? Perhaps, Young people are prone to discuss such subjects, you know. What mamma thought about you know. What maining thought atomit it I never cared to ascertain. And no one I knew thought it worth while either. I simply saw her pounce upon her off-spring, and for the rest of the way the poor girl salked on the back seat with sister, while the Professional Beauty of GEYSER IN ACTION.

"Wanl," said Hank, as we approached the hotel, "effyer alo't in luck! There's the old fountain a spouth" jest as effshe was expecting yer." He nudged the Enthusians the Woman with his eibow and smiled exultingly. Her pleasure seems to have been our driver's only opportunities. our driver's only concern since she climbed up on the box seat behind him. 'Will yer go over yonder how,' he asked, 'or air yer too slimighty hongry.' We were much to hungry, but as no one had the courage to dampen Hank's ardor we drove at once to the formation.

The greater geyser was seething, boiling, steaming, bubbling, with all the force and cuercy attributed by the most lurid or-thodoxy imagination to that celebrated energy attributed by the most furid orthodoxy imagination to that celebrated
iake of fire and brunstone. A gory devil,
with fiery pitchtoris on which to toss his
victions in the sizzling sea, is the one thing
needed to complete this hell on unmature.
The cackling mamma looked spitefully at
our harmless little globestretter. The Itajan count, as if sie thought he rolgit supply the deficiency. To the American provincul mind, a ran born on the other side
of the water is of necessity a rogue and
roue, possessed of cloven feet, horns and
other devilish attributes, and is suspected
of having designs on every woman be of having designs on every woman he meets. This florid matron, for example, never passes our fully duke, the Russian prince or the amiable little Italian without frawing her skirts aside as frafraid of contamination. The Professional Beauty it ore cosmopolitan, does not share this aver-sion. On the contrary, she is a bean turt hanter, and coquets with our titled concrow's feet, which, I understand, never pear until a woman is past forty. At the foundain she was the center of the little groups of foreigners. Lowering and lift-ing her long lashes and rolling her very fine eyes, she simpered out her rapture. THE DUKE'S OPINION.

THE DUKE'S OPINION.

"Oh, Isn't it sweet? Isn't it very, very sweet? Now Count, now Prince, you like it, I am sure. You see we have something in America after all. I wouldn't miss this for anything. You dear, dear-Hank, to bring us here right away."

Hank smiled grimly. "I don't keer ef she never seed the fountain," he said, in a stage aside to the Enthusiastic Woman.

"Too much grishing an former for me."

"Too much gushin' an' fussin 'fer me."

The Duke, with monocle in eye, had remained speechless. His Engitsh vocabulary is very limited. The Beauty pressed him for an opinion. "Dear Duke, isn't it lovely?"

Don't you think it's perfectly lovely?"

"Gewiss," said his rgace, "it is ferry, ferry lovely."

We were all of us, much to Hank's satis-We were all of us, much to hank statisfaction, properly enthusiastic—a difficult matter, one must admit, on an empty stomach. The Rev. Dr. — from New York evinced the most interest. He is a little man, with a cherubic countenance, giving to smiling and verbosity, who is making notes for a book on the park. He quoted Scribture at the founting and He quoted Scripture at the fountain went into rhapsodies until interrupted by be Practical Man.

"Say, Doctor, here's the chance of your life to show people what hell is like. Dip some of these sinners into that water and I guarantee conversion."

The Doctor smiled blandly, rubbed his fat little hands together, and continued his Scriptural quotations. We left him there still rubbing his hands, smiling, and quoting Scriptural quotations.

there still rubbing quoting Scripture. "Speakin" of parsons," said Hank, on our way back to the hotel, "we had one of 'embere last summer. A regitar ole red-hotter, He come with a party of them linen-duster, lunch-basket tourists. The feller that conducted wanted ter jest rush 'em through.
But they stuck to gittin' their dollar's
wurth, an' they wouldn't move from here
tell the fountain spouted. 'Twas Sunday
an' the parson he put in histime a-preachin.

A POWERFUL SERMON. "I jess wish yer could nev' heard that sermon. It made cold shivers ran down my spine. He shouted hell and damnation so yer could hear him a miltoff. Called em

vipers an' sarpints, an' told 'em to flee from the wrath to come. An' yer bet they the discovering the first that the middle of the preaching the ole fountain commenced terspout. Yer ought ter see the parson run and all the linen dusters arter him. They wan'ut no more preaching that day. The ole codger said he guessed that geyser was sermon

more preachin that day. The ole codger said he guessed that geyser was sermon enough fer anybody."

Hank left us at the hotel porch. He gave a parting injunction to the Enthusiastic Woman to take a sulphur bath. We all of us profited by his advice. I can remember no more delightful experience. If the gey-sers insure thodough the them bath. sers inspire thoughts of hades, these baths carry one near to Paradise. After bathing in the enchanted waters one feels that sense of rest, that glow of comfort, that indifcrence to the turmost of existence which comes only to those who have attained Nircomes only to those who have attained Nirvana. Our consequent appetite was not spiritual, neither was the feast set before us on a table, decked with wid flowers and served by a blond Hebe in Eap and apron of coquettish design. And the absence of coquettish design. And the absence of the mesay that nowhere is the flost set beautiful and varied as in the Park. Some one said that there were more than 500 varieties, which, I am sure, is no exaggeration. The Eastern wild flowers, those indigenous to the plains, and varieties common in Southern the plains, and varieties commonin Southern Europe, are all found within the park limits. We pass fields of blue lupingmost delicate

# HELP US TO CELEBRATE

# OUR 36th BIRTHDAY

Tomorrow will mark the 36th Milestone of our commercial career. We will have been among you just 36 years-during that time sold you, your mothers and your grandmothers. 36 years is almost a lifetime. We can turn back with pride on those years, for when we started, it was in a very unpretentious building-now we are in our large, commodious establishment, giving employment to four hundred pecple. We want to fitly celebrate this event. We thought at first of some advertising souvenir, but then the more sensible idea presented itself to us—we would have a week of Bargains such as you have never had before, and in this way more substantially prove our loyalty to you our patrons, through whose support we have become prosperous merchants. So-beginning tomorrow and ending Saturday night, we will offer you these Extraordinary Prices :-

| NE LOI  | GAUZE SHIRTS, 160   |
|---|---|
| of 5c Scap,<br>2c cake  | These come in high necks with<br>long sleeves, high neck and shor   |
|   | sleeves, low neck, short sleeves.   |
| Phis is good soap—as good as<br>y 5c soap made.   | Gingham Aprons, 90<br>These are full size aprons, made  |
| c Ammonia, 5c   | exceptionally well and of washa-  |
| Sponges, 3c   | ble gingham.  |
| c Florida Water, 19c  | 25c White Lawn Aprons, 15c  |
| c Sponges, 7c   | These are full size aprons, and a   |
| Toilet Paper, 3c  | wonder for even the original price.   |
| c Hot Water Bags, 50c   | \$1.00 Corset, 590  |
| c Fountain Syringes, 73c  | Take your choice of three good<br>makes of \$1 Corsets for 59c.   |
| and 25c   | The SONNETTE H., the W. B.  |
| ess Shields, (C   | ANNISE, and the R. & C., each<br>pair guaranteed.   |
| 75c a Dozen.  | 75c Gingham Skirts, : 39c   |
| Why not buy a dozen? 75c for a  | Full size Gingham Skirts, made  |
| zen of these excellent Dress  | of material that will wash, worth   |
| ields of one of the best manufac-   | 75c, for 39c.   |
| rera.   | 25c Children's Knee Protectors, 19c<br>These are all the Jersey Knee Pro-<br>tectors—the savers of so many pairs of |
| The Property of the Parket of | teriors included of so many pairs of  |

Anniversary Prices STERLING SILVER SHIRT WAIST SETS, If you paid one dollar you could not Small Wares. buy better ones. These are well made, .1c not the thin, "easy breaking" kind. 5c Mourning Pins..... 10c Neuss Cube Pins ...... 4c box 25c MINIATURE PINS, . 10c Neuss Cube Pins...... 4c Dox
These come in exidized or gold plate, in a variety of miniatures. 6c English Pins......4c paper 

8c Tooth Brushes ........... 5c each Cream Dress Goods. ...62%e.yd 89c Cream Sicilian 4c Black Belt Pins, 2 boxes for 5c Anniversary Prices Navy Blue Mohair. Anniversary Prices 60c quality for 85c quality for \$1 00 quality for Stationery. 12c Boxes Stationery, . . 7c Dress Ginghams, 4 c.

This box contains one quire paper terms in Dress tingham which has sold as high as 125 e. and 25 envelopes of good quality. 25c Box Paper, . . . 15c Anniversary Prices This box contains one quire of ex-

velopes to match.

Good Ink. During This Sale,

Mucilage, . . . 2c per Bottle

For only 4%c cellent quality paper, plain or ruled White Crochet Bed Spreads. smooth or rough finish-with en- One lot worth 60c, for . . 50c One lot worth 80c, for One lot worth \$1.00, for One lot worth \$1.15, for One lot worth \$1.35, for One lot worth \$1.50, for 

light shades. Well fitting lining to For 9Se

50e the waist, plaited back from the col-65e lar, large Sailer Collar, forming wide revers to the waist; embroidered in blue, black and white; large Bisnop . \$1.15 Sleeves, with wide Cuffs; Turnover . \$1.19 Collar. Excellent length, Skirt three

Made of Plain Grass Linen and other

Anniversary Prices

39c All-silk Black Lace.

50c Point de Lerre Luce.

Grass Linen

Embroidery

Anniversary Price

This Elegant Wrapper,

25c Net Top, Point d' Ireland Lace, 12560

Worth from 20 to 30c,

Only \$1.84.

For 10c yard

Laces.

Who could resist this temptation? Who could remain away? Who is it who would not like to save money when they can? It is human nature to try to make a dollar stretch as far as possible. During this sale your dollar will do wonderful service. These are of sufficient importance to have you leave other things undone to get a chance at these while they last. We don't restrict you as to quantity. They are here for you-buy what you want. We would like it if as many of you as could would take advantage of the early morning hours to do your shopping. We begin at eight in the morning. Extra salespeople-so you won't suffer from delay.

All-wool French Jacquard. During This Sale. 371/2 cts.

39c yd.

Cloth: Worth doc. During This Sale,

54-inch

420, 422, 424 and 426 7th Street. 

but in the fail it is no uncommon sight of see hundreds of them near the hotels. The country just outside the Park is a paradise for ambitious Nimrods. We have

met a number of parties who take the Park

in on their way to the hunting gre

Man is a constant source of asto

PRACTICAL MAN'S MISTARE.

Enthusiastic Woman, "he sold his grand-

and agreeable and sees to it that we miss none of the wonders. The timest geyser

quite disproportionate to the size of the subject. When he has exhausted his own knowledge he reads from Baedeker er one of the geological reports. We have given

him leave to print on several occasions, but he sees his duty and he does it. Last pight such to the sorrow of everybody, he came

to gricf.

We were all gathered about the crackling

fire in the office. The Russian Prince was in the midst of a thrilling tale, when the

Practical Man entered with pride and satisfaction on his face, and what looked like a small dog in his arms.

"I have found a hear cub, a hear cub, asjeep by the fountain. Lock!"

"A bearcub? A bear cub?" yelled the hotel clerk, rushing from behind the counter. "Get out of here, quick. Quick, man!" and he pushed the Practical Man out of the door.

rushing back and closing it quickly after him. Before we had time to ank the reason for such brusqueness a terrible and sick-ening odor filled the nir. It was, in polite

and scientific language, a baby mephitis

mephitics that this ambitious person had captured, thinking it was a young bear.

is the occasion for a shower of eloqu

mother for an Egyptian mummy." We could not however, get along without the Practical Man. He is painstaking

inclined creatures is the commissary tent at the cavalry encomposent, where they occasionally make a midnight feast on the soldlers' rations. "But the next time it comes to a ques-MISSES' SHOES AT ONE-THIRD VALUE. on of dinners or bears," said that dought; old warrior, Sergt. Burns, "Mr. Bear will get a bullet, sure." In this Arcadia no shooting is permitted, which accounts for the very featless way the animals go about. In the summer the buffaloes and elks lie in the dense forests on the mountains.

James O. Marceron, 913 8th Street S. E.



DR. LOCK, Rupture, Varicoccie, bload and nervous dis-cases. We ourse or no charge. No operations. Separate room for women. Consultations free.

LAWN MOWERS. P. MANN & CO. 207 7th St. N. W.

in on their way to the huming ground. The outfils vary according to the huntsman. Some have a most ambitious equipment, which includes a chef and a wine cellar. But the majority are content with little. They are very picturesque in their carvas suits and big hats. The men of our marty become enthusiastic. The men of our party became enthusiastic, and are planning a hunting trip for next The utilitarian character of the Practical to the foreigners. Yesterday in the stage coach be grew very excited over his pet projects of utilizing the water power of the falls for factory purposes and of building an electric railroad through the Fark. He mapped out a plan by which we could all become rich. At his last suggestion of throwing advertising transparencies across the falls, the Duke showed much feeling. "It es horrible; it es a horrible idea," he said, in very broken English. "Oh! don't mind ham," remarked the

Lawn Grass

us this morning, a sadder and wiser man. A shrick went up from the entire party at the bizarre costume. His own clothing was burned, it seems, and not having another

suit in his portinanteau, he was compelled to levy contributions from the other men. The trousers belonging to the little Count are very high-water, and the Prince Albert cout worn by the diminutive purson, absolutely refuses to button across a very gay, red hunting cest, the property of the Russian Prince. He looks as Galiver might have looked in the garment of the Lilliputs. Poor fellow! He has been silent and introspective the prince day. The colorage averages the entire day. The odorous experience of last night or his hidderous costime have affected his spirits to such an extent that his debounnier person has been almost sulien. "It's an ill wind," however, and we have been grateful for the private of the seneral and following the seneral sulfate of privates the seneral and following. liege of enjoying the scenery and following our inclinations, without the continental conching we have been accustomed to since we started from the Mammoth,



"Dev wants to make a show ob him."

in perfume; great patches of sunflowers. colombine, larsSpur, Indian paint brish, gen-tions, forget-me-nots, buttercups, asters and the dwarf golden rod-pushes up its feathery. vellow head everywhere. The colors are more brilliant and diversified than in the East, and the flowers seem to grow to a prodigous size. Nearly all have perfume.

A most attractive field for some ambitious botanist, who could, I am convinced, find

many new varieties. SEEING THE BEARS.

After dinner we sat on the porch, chatting, smoking, day-dreaming. The Professional Beauty had made a toilet. Her blonde hair was curled until it stood out Paderewski-like in a halo about her kalsomined face. Every fold of the ex-quisite rose-colored gown she wore was cloquent of Paris, and the big shade hat. covered with roses, gave her a very piquant expression. The Enthusiastic Works an and I watched with interest the flirtation between this mass of pink prettiness and the Russian Prince, who was the most recent victim. We were interrupted by Hank ever watchful for the interest of his protege "Say, Lady, of yer want ter see the boars ow's yer time." We looked at each other and besitated

The dread of being victims of a practical joke showed itself in all our faces. When no less a personage than Capt. Anderson, backed by his official report, had told us we would meet bears, coydes, Jack rab-bits, porcupines and other small game on intimate terms we were not credulous. We would not believe in the possible presence of real bears, real, live bears, we had seen only behind bars at the zoo. But the Enthusiastic Woman had absolute confidence in her knight of the whip, and started off. We, still doubting, trooped after, the Prince and Professional Beauty in the rear. There they were in the flesh. Two hig brown fellows, washing about in the long grass hunting for tid-bits among the refuse thrown from the kitchen The Professional Beauty chapped her hands and sercamed with infantile delight, which so startied these epicarean bruin that they looked up curiously. One of them trotted lazily in our direction, attracted, no doubt,

A HUNTER'S PARADISE.

"She prefers Russian bear, evidently," said the Enthusiastic Woman, wickedly, as the Beauty, leaning more than was necessary on the arm of ber preserver. went toward the botel.

She always smiled when anyone scored a point against the Professional Beauty. The gluttonous animals munched on, quite unconscious of the terror they had inspured, and showing no more interest in our proximity. Our faith in Capt. Anderson and human nature is re-established. We have seen no less than six bears,

by a bonne bouche,
"Oh! Prince, dear Prince, take me away
from those horrid, horrid creatures," cied
the hysterical Beauty, grabbing hold of the Prince.

Hank looked after her quizzically. "A bit out of her would give them hears dyspepsic. Them's American bears." The mamma from the far West smiled.